THE THIRD TRAVELER

There is no need to mention my name, nor that of the firm which employs me, nor yet the particular errand on which I was and foot; watched night and day; brought sent by them to the south of France in the autumn of last year. These matters do not come into my story, which only commences heard an English voice in the courtyard at the precise moment when I met, for the first and last time, General Sir Stretton Smith, at the Couronne d'Or, St. Hyacinthe | my French, was he? les Bains.

There are two St. Hyacinthes, and lickily it wasn't possible. The omnibus which had dragged me over seven miles of ment. Are you afraid?"

"I'll take it," I cried recklessly, as any "I'll take it," I cried recklessly, as any tains, after setting me down, had lumbered away to return no more. St. Hyacinthe-a look in those great fierce eyes. I whipped out my memorandum book and pen. "Go bit of a village with a mineral spring, discovered within the last six months by a up and gone en masse to the fetes at St. Something-else and taken along with them

Not a cart, nor a horse, pony, mule nor ass was to be found; nor yet a telegraph walking back to the station out of the question; and when at last I resolved to possess my soul in patience and await the omnibus that would start next morning, I in the place, refused me admission.

The landlord, fat and brown, with a head like a blacking brush, called heaven and all the saints to witness how he was crushed-afflicted-desolated; but it was impossible. My so distinguished compatriot, "le Lor Smeet," with his family, his manservants, maid-servants and cattle, occupied the whole hotel for the season, on the express condition that no other strangers were admitted within the gates. He had come here for the waters, and demanded absolute repose. Thus the landlord, bowing, grimacing and gesticulating among the potted orange trees and oleanders of the sunny little courtyard, while I, hot and indignant, argued the point with him in my best public-school French to no purpose. I reasoned, expostulated, vehemently protested; I would write to the papers, I would appeal to the authorities, to the British brass clasp, lined inside with watered silk but meanwhile the blue vapor from the embassador, to the House of Parliament. At last, language failing me, I decided

that the time for action had come, and stalking straight through the glass doors of the salle-a-manger, down I sat, refusing to budge till I had been rested and fed. The landlord followed, calling lustily on held it up for him to sign. He seized the pen and traced waveringly but distinctly heaven, the maire, the police, without result (they were probably all engaged at said, triumphantly, and then I witnessed it. the fetes), then on madame, who appeared

on the instant and settled the affair in two "But certainly. It was only miladi who

would make objection. Now, if monsieur would but give himself the trouble to make himself hidden for one little quarter of an hour, till miladi and her party should have departed to the fetes, all should be laughing with a pretty air of affected terror, hustled me off into a bit of an office The office had a curtained window looking on the entrance hall; through which I crashing of wheels on gravel and clattering of tongues was going on outside as "Lor Smeet's" great shining barouche with | must have the name and address of his its great shining English horses and big friend to whom I was to convey this perilsolemn servants in smart liveries drew up to the door, followed by all the remaining inhabitants of St. Hyacinthe. Then appeared miladi, a fine, showy creature with mass of fashionable hair and an up-todate complexion, accompanied by a pale, cross-looking girl with a certain likeness to herself. In attendance was a dark, sinis-Smeet" I imagined.

The visitors' book lay in the desk. I consulted it. "Lieutenant General Sir Stretten Smith, K. C. S. I." I knew the name well enough, It was the pride and glory of our family to have an uncle on his staff in India. "The Lady Augusta Smith." "Miss Viola Devenish."

Yes, it was the same. The general had married an earl's daughter, I remembered. Devenish was the family name; so the cross girl was some relation. The French-

man's name did not appear. They drove off, the Frenchman opening miladi's parasol with an air of tenderest attention, while Miss Devenish looked crosser than before. Then came a further commotion. "Lor Smeet's" servants were also departing with their friends to the fetes-two wagonette loads of them. At the last minute a man came tearing downstairs calling to them to stop. He looked | chain. like a gentleman's servant and was re-

ceived with many exclamations of surprise and congratulation as they picked him up. Then madame came to release me. She had been as good as her word. Dinner was on the table smelling excellent. My departure was also arranged for. It was quite simple. I had but to take my way along a certain road till I came to a certain cabaret some two miles beyond the town, where I must wait till the mail cart passed at 8 o'clock, and the driver, if I made it train to Paris. went as far as my French would allow

in acknowledgments to madame. She graclously permitted me to button her gloveshe wore the smartest toilet de fete that I had seen since I left Paris-and between the top button and the bottom told me the whole history of "Lor Smeet" and his family. He had come to St. Hyacinthe a dying man at the last extremity. It was a spinal malady. He could stir neither hand nor foot, and was speechless. Miladi's devotion to him was everything there is of most angelic. Night or day she would hardly be persuaded to leave him, even to the care of his faithful servant M. Alexandre. And now, behold a miracle! He speaks, he sits upright in his chair, he even moves his hands a little. That very day he had found himself so well, so strong, that he had given permission at the last moment to M. Alexandre to assist at the fetes. Her husband would take his place by the general. Here a carriage full of smart friends arrived to take her away, and "Lor Smeet," the landlord and I had the Cour-Dinner ended, I was killing time in the

empty courtyard, smoking and tossing biscuit crumbs to the gasping goldfish in the fountain, when a window on the first floor was flung open, and there appeared my landlord in a violent state of agitation calling and beckoning. 'Monsieur! Monsieur! In the name of heaven, come at once! Ah, what misfor-

tune! A frightful catastrophe has just hap-

"Apoplexy," I said to myself, and dashed indoors and upstairs. There were turnings and odd steps and passages; but by some instinct I went straight for the right door, which swung open as I reached it, and the landlord, with a face white as a tablecloth, and a broken physio bottle in his hand, shot out, impelled by an explosion of vigorous language in some Eastern tongue. It came from a great armchair in the window, where sat a huge old man, or the wreck of one. The mighty chest was sunken, and the great, sinewy, hairy hands dangled limply out of the sleeves of his flannel dressing gown. His face was bleached as white as his great beard; but his eyes! They turned on me suddenly, flashing yellow like a tiger's, and for a second I felt like bolting after the landlord. However, he spoke quite civilly.

"Much obliged to you for coming. We're this fellow can't understand English. He's broken my bottle of medicine, and I ought to take the stuff every two hours. I can't make him see that all he has to do is to get the prescription out of the top drawer over there and take it to the chemist's. I know Alexandre gets it made up somewhere

near. It's quite a simple thing. I found the prescription and turned the landlord's dolour into joy. He understood perfectly-had been before with M. Alexandre. The chemist was a friend of his, and by good fortune at home to-day. Tell him that I must be back by 7. You will be so kind as to stay with me till he

It was open to me to object, of course; but I had no inclination to do so, with Sir Stretton's eyes fixed on me. So I dismissed the landlord on his errund, and he tripped off light-heartedly, hugging the bottle. Sir Stretton kept silence till we heard his footsteps descend the stair. "Fasten the door, if you please, Will you

tell me your name?" I did so, and mentioned my uncle. ago I had a chance of setting a wrong to rights, and I shirked it. Now here I am, crippled and incapable, given over into the hands of those who are resolved that the here to die, away from all my friends, from any one who speaks my language. I tell you I could have shouted for joy when I this afternoon.

"What do you want me to do for you?"
"I want you to write down and witness what I have to say. It's a death-bed conthrough a blunder of our agents I had come fession. There is a man in England who a hundred miles out of my way to the must have it. You may ron would taking it; there are one or two who would into wrong one. There was nothing to be done | kill you rather than it should ever fall into but to get away as soon as possible. Un- his hands-if they know. But decide, man! In heaven's name, decide! The time is gofellow would who had seen the piteous

I have no doubt that he did hear it: but

he wasn't paying much of a compliment to

I can't well be expected to tell you what fashionable Paris physician-had shut itself | followed was so amazing that a mere hint of it would scatter confusion from one end of the country to the other. It began with everything that could run either on legs or | tions ago, in hushing up which some of the a hideous bit of wrongdoing two generahighest in the land were concerned, and, the consequences spreading wider with each year that passed, now affecting di-

rectly or indirectly many of our noblest office. I had a strained knee, that put families. With this Sir Strefton had nothing to do; his share in the evil was simply of inheriting the secret and keeping it. When the knowledge came to him he was a young man, low down in the service, and madly in love. To reveal it would have meant utter ruin, socially and professionalfound that the Couronne d'Or, the only inn ly. He was not strong enough to face it, and so reluctantly joined the conspiracy of silence, to his never-ending shame and regret. Now that he was dying, childless and wealthy, his wife fairly provided for, he saw a chance of making partial restitution in one or two cases, while his statement would enable his old friend to enforce righteous dealing on some of the

others implicated. "Larry will see justice done," he gasped but the proofs-he will want the proofs. You shall take them to him. He had been speaking fast in an odd strained voice that alarmed me; now and then it failed and broke, and the words came tumbling out unintelligibly, but he forced himself to continue. I had a flask of whisky with me, and, with some misgivings, poured him out a few drops, which he swallowed greedily. "Fetch me that, he said, pointing to a great Bible which stood on a stand at his elbow. I thought he was going to swear or to make me swear something, but he only opened one of the covers. They were the thickest and heaviest I have ever seen. Leather as

"Can you get me some boiling water?" A wood fire was smoidering on the hearth, and a little earthenware pipkin stood near it. I blew the embers to a blaze and set the pot on to boil. Meanwhile, read over what I had written to him, and his signature in full, with a curious flourisk The water boiled furiously before we had done, and he made me hold one of the covers of the great Bible in the steam. The silk lining curled at the edge, and I gently loosened it further with my knife. Underneath it, in the thickness of the board, a hiding-place had been hollowed out for sev-

eral sheets of paper, yellow and discolored, as if they had lain there for many years. There should be three letters-two certificates of marriage and one of birth-and arranged. Dinner and all. Quick then! In a small folded paper with a few lines of there! miladi descends." And madame, writing and several signatures attached." I checked them off as he named them, then fastened the silk down again, and left behind the salle-a-manger, and shut me in before I knew what she would be at. the book to dry. He was speaking with difficulty now, and I followed his directions more by guess than by words. I was get-ting horribly afraid of the landlord's reventured to peep with precaution. A great | turn and still more afraid of what might happen first.

I gave him more whisky. At any cost I "Major General Herbert Lawrence,

United Service Club. In Pall Mall, you know. If you cannot find him there-if he hasn't got back from India, ask at Cox's, they'll know." The spirit began to burn in his cheeks, and once more his voice grew strong and clear. "Tell Larry how you ter, expensive looking Frenchman, who found me. It's no use his coming-he would whispered something into the girl's ear as | be too late. I've had my warnings-this he handed her into the carriage' while return of strength is one. God knows how miladi's head was turned that made her I have prayed for it-for strength and a smile wistfully. Who was he? Not "Lor | friend to help me, and now both have been granted me and the chance of using them. You will tell Larry about my will. It was made many years ago, and is safe at my lawyer's-you have the address there. If he hears nothing about it, if he finds it has been suppressed, he will know what to do. I've left him my collection of arms and armor. There is a jeweled dirk that I should like him to give you"—
"Never mind that," I interrupted, for his

voice was drooping into a feeble murmur and his face had a queer, streaky look that I did not like. "I must put these up safev. I want some paper." He looked toward a writing desk on

table near, a lady's, evidently. I helped myself to some scented paper with the address of a country house stamped on it. There was wax there, too so when I had tied up the parcel I had sealed it twice with a great signet ring that was hanging at Sir Stretten's watch-

"There, that's safe," I said, "and it doesn't leave me till I give it into General Herbert Lawrence's hands.' "Tell Larry to stand by me dead as he has stood by me living. Tell him I shall not rest in my grave till justice is done." His voice sank again into a meaningless mutter and I sat down and wished with all my soul for the return of the landlord. He was not long, quite in time for the dose to be administered. I took upon myself to recommend that he should not menworth his while, would convey me with the tion the accident to any one, to which he mails to the station in time for the night joyfully assented; then I bade Sir Stretton adieu. All the light had faded out of is great fierce eyes, and his hand hung lifeless, only when I tapped the pocket that held the papers he gave one glance of intelligence and his limp fingers essayed

to tighten on mine.

I caught the mail cart, and the mail cart caught the train. It was satisfactory to feel that the miles were lengthening be tween me and St. Hyacinthe with every few minutes. I wondered how long my visit there would remain a secret. So long and no longer had I the chance of getting off safely to England with my deposit. The more I thought the story over the stronger grew my conviction of the certainty that every effort would be made to suppress it-and me. That yellow-haired Lady Augusta-Sir Stretton's directions would deprive her of the great mass of the wealth he expected to inherit, while her admirer that black-a-vised Frenchman, was, as Sir Stretton had said cynically, only waiting for his death to decide between her and her niece, an heiress of sorts. They were both accomplices of Alexandre, his man, an igent of somebody in England, set over im as a watch to see that he died with the story untold. It was truly a nest of ripers that I had stirred up. It would be chance if I got off scot-free. I would buy a belt directly I got to Paris, and strap the parcel safely round my waist. I would carry a revolver. Above all, I would rush my business as much as was consistent with duty and get back to England and General Lawrence. I did think of registering and posting the parcel to him, but felt that every attempt would be made to ntercept it, and dared not let it out of my

I found orders waiting me in Paris that would detain me a week at least. By good luck, the bearer was a son of the firm, a great, strong public school boy, to whom I was directed to give an insight into the work. I made him stick close to me day and night, and tried not to let that abominable packet get on my nerves. It did in smart one, where I should have liked to some degree, I think. I got to fancy I was have gone uncommonly. shadowed about the different towns we vis- "I'm afraid I can't," I said reluctantly; ited; that stray travelers took an unaccountable interest in our movements; that it was safest to travel by the most frequented routes and to keep my room door fastened every night with a special dodge

of my own invention. My last day in France arrived. I persuaded my companion to see me off by the in a difficulty here. I speak no French, and | Boulogne boat before he proceeded to our | liberty then." correspondent's at Lille. He bought an English paper as we started from Paris, day." and looking, as I always did, at the column of "deaths." I found what I had so long expected, the name of General Sir Stretton Smith and the date of his death four days previously. Four days ago. Something must have been discovered by this time, I was sure. Possibly earlier. Some rambling | tice. words of the general, some indiscretion on the part of the host or madame, would be enough to set the watchers of the dying man on my back, and then-. The probabilities gave no matter for reflection dur-

ing the rest of the journey. It was a dull gray evening, with a wicked wind blowing and hourly increasing in strength. The weather forecasts had been so ominous that several out of the small number of our passengers declined to cross, struggle for the possession of the smokand for those who did venture there followed a three hours of purgatory. Before we were half way across my sole companion on deck became the most abject spectacle of wretchedness I ever beheld. I did so, and mentioned my uncle.

He stayed there only out of sheer inability younger and desperate. I felt that if he Every antique shop in the city is well once get the better of me I knew what supplied with these old-fashioned clocks. like him. If I only had him here this min- railway rug with a ghastly green face that to expect.

vorite briar root shot from my lips across the deck and disappeared forever.
"Hard luck," he gasped between his groans. Then, after fumbling a bit, he

pulled out a cigar case. "Try this," managed to say. This was shoveling coals of fire on my head I felt, and I thanked him heartily, feeling my gratitude glowing warmer and warmer with each whiff I drew of the choicest and most fragrant cigar I ever put a light to. It lasted through the rest of the crossing, and when we proposed to go ashore I was only too glad to have a chance of obliging him in return. He was fairly cramped and helpless, and I had actually to lift him to his feet and drag him

"Do you mind putting me into a carriage?" he asked. "I am afraid to be left The guard found an empty apartment, and we laid him at length on the seat. It was the express train to town, and the guard took care that no one should get in

He wasn't a lively companion, lying out

limp and speechless opposite; but he was civil. "Have another cigar. You'll like this one better than the last, if you don't mind rather a full flavor." He selected one out of a handful and offered it me, then turned over on his side and went to sleep. It was curious tobacco certainly, or perhaps my head was still a little queer from the pitching and tossing. I began to grow sleepy-deliciously sleepy-with an odd pleasant numbness stealing over every limb. That was the change from the battering sea wind to the warm, stuffy carriage, I thought. I would have opened the window, but my legs refused to stir. My small portmanteau stood on the seat beside me. I slid down sideways till my elbow rested on it and my head on my hand. The smoke seemed to get into my eyes and ears and wrap me round in a comfortable woolly vapor; my head went niddle-noddling forward, and the cigar slipped from my lips; I made no effort to catch it. Presently I was conscious that my fellowtraveler was up and about. What a fidget ne was to be sure! Closing that last inch f window just as if there could be any draught. He shut up both ventilators and then stooped and looked at me. I shut my eyes tight to avoid fatigue of talking, but opened them when he moved away and lazily watched him. He was unscrewing a little brass box, which I recognized as a lamp for heating curling irons: I had seen at the hairdresser's. Was he going to trim his mustache, or what? Perhaps

brew himself some tea or soup somehow.

He poured in the methylated spirit and

lighted it, then carefully measured out of

a little bottle some darkish stuff and

dropped it on the flame. Holding the lamp

at arm's length, he placed it on the portmanteau and shoved it toward my face. Did he want to fumigate me, and why With a sudden effort I managed to twist my face up so as to get a view of him. He was shrinking into the furthest corner. tamp was drifting in pale clouds around me, filling every breath I took with a sweet suffocating flavor, altogether delicious, something like the cigar, only more powerful. My limbs, from being numb, grew leaden. I could not have stirred a finger to save my life. Still, I was not insensible. though a drowsy dullness suffused my brain; one corner of it-one tiny patch of brain matter-felt alert and watchful though powerless. I knew when the man in the corner began to stir, and I saw him bending over me, holding his handkerchief over his mouth and nostrils. He rested one hand on my forehead and lifted up my evelid with his thumb. I did not resent it; was quite indifferent as to what became of me. Then he carefully and deliberately felt me all over, my breast and my sides, till he came to my belt. Round and round me went his fingers prodding and rubbing ill he found what he wanted. I couldn't | Twinkles. lift an eyelid in protest-didn't want to. Luckily I was doubled up awkwardly for his purpose, and he could do nothing with one hand. Besides, I seemed to see that in spite of the cover over his mouth, the vapor was taking effect upon him, and he swayed about dizzily. He staggered back to his far corner and lowered the window for a moment-only a moment, not long enough to do me any good. He then tied the hand-

tried to speak, began to unfasten my waist-coat-or I thought be did, I could not be sure. Black darkness closed in upon me, surging up like a sea and swallowing mewas lost-I was dead. Then came a sound like thunder and a shock as of a pail of iced water flung over me. I suppose one was the grinding of the brake as the train was brought to a stand, and the other the rush of night air into the carriage when the door It sat up and blinked around, My fellowtraveler was angrily expostulating with

the guard. "Beg pardon, sir!" I heard the

This time he lifted me easily, and when I

man say. I slammed the door, but not till a tall man wearing a heavy black cleak had passed in and taken the seat opposite to mine. His hat was pulled over his eyes, and his collar turned up so that I could not catch a glimpse of his face. Either he or I knocked over the little lamp, and it rolled away under the seat. My fellow-traveler stooped and picked it "Rather startling, that stoppage," he said, smiling at me. "Some local swell or

up without any attempt at concealment. director wanted to be picked up. It's a way they have on this line. Glad it's nothing worse; I thought we had smashed something. Startled you, too, didn't it?" "It woke me up. I wasn't sorry," I said grimly. "I had some queer dreams. I don't think that stuff you were burning is whole-

"My inhaler? I'm awfully sorry if you noticed it. I have such hideous attacks of asthma that I am obliged to use it at all sorts of times. It is quite harmless, I be-

"But you were covering your face and keeping as clear of it as you could," I objected. "I was holding my nose in the smoke as long as I could stand it," he declared, looking angry and astonished. "I beg pardon for placing it on your portmanteau. It wasn't steady on the seat. I turned your face away from it. You must have been

"Perhaps it was a dream that I felt you punching and poking all over me?" I re-"I'll swear you did!" terted.

dreaming.

He looked very serious. "I see you mean to quarrel with me about something. I declare most solemnly I don't understand why. I did nothing to you, unless"-with a laugh-"it was in my sleep. I have had a misgiving about that last stuff I got. I fancied there was something unusual mixed with it-opium or soothing stuff. That would account for our dreams, would it not? Well, here it goes," and he flung the flask out of the window and then put the fumigator away in his bag, with such an open, honest air that I began to mistrust my own senses. "It is queer, certainly," I said, laughing a

little. He laughed, too, got up and stretched himself again in his corner. The newcemers had paid no attention to either of us, but sat upright and dark-a silent presence. I felt happier at having him there, and began to cast about for something to say to him. I am naturally sociable, and generally get on with the people I brush up against in the world; but whether it was sleepiness or that inhaling stuff, not a word would come out, and we all sat mute while the dark country outside rushed past the steaming windows, with only now and then the lights of some small station flashing by.

I felt I was growing queer and nervous and jumpy, sitting bolt upright before this dark stranger, watching for a movement. a gleam of his eyes or even a stir of his breath in the long white mustache that fell over his mouth-anything-just to show that it was a man; and a living man, sitting My fellow-traveler presently crossed over

and sat down at the other end of the portmanteau. "I owe you a supper for those bad dreams," he said, laughingly. Where are you going when you reach town? Anywhere in particular? No? Well, come with me to my club." and he named a very "I've had a long day and don't feel like

anything but going home and going straight to bed." "Then you'll dine with me to-morrow Or will any other day suit you better? ne persisted so pleasantly that I should have felt myself a boor to refuse. "I could come on Saturday. I shall be at "Ah, you will be at liberty on Saturhe repeated, still smiling. "I'll make

a note of that," and he began to fumble

I don't know what made me get up just

in the breast pocket of his overcoat.

then and change to the seat opposite him. The train jerked and nearly sent me lurching on the stranger, but he took no no-My fellow-traveler still held his hand in his breast. "I wonder what the time is? My watch has stopped. We ought to be getting in soon. I drew out my watch and looked at it As I did so there was a snarp report and a burning smart cut across the side of my

forehead and into my hair. Another report and I had eaught the man's wrist and we were locked together in a desperate ing revolver. I kept him from using it, but he gripped me tight and was bearing me down. He

see me murdered!" I felt my opponent's grip relax, and with a violent effort flung him off. The revolver fell with a thump between my feet. I pounced upon it. "Now, then, what's the meaning of this?" demanded, but I got no answer. The man had dropped back on the seat, his eyes were rolling and his jaw had fallen. He

was breathing hard and jerkily.

"Have I hurt you? It was his own do-ing, you know." I said, turning to appeal to the stranger. "Who is he?" gasped my adversary, grabbing at my hand. "Look there! Where did he come from? What does it mean? The stranger stood upright in the middle of the carriage. His cloak had fallen back, and his long white beard floated over his great sunken chest. From under his black, shaggy eyebrows his fierce yellow eyes flashed from one of us to the other. "My master! Sir Stretton," he choked and his head dropped forward. A great cold seemed to freeze me, and I sank down beside him, weak as water. This man was my enemy, but he was flesh and blood like myself, while that other-I loosened the man's scarf and collar presently, keeping my head turned from the figure. He drew a long breath, and his

agony of terror, and he clutched my arm to prevent my leaving his side. I had no fear of him now. How long we sat thus together I do not know, but the train stopped at last, the door opened, and the tall dark shape passed out before us into the night. The collector stood at the door demanding our tickets. "Did you see that gentleman? Where did

eyes opened; they turned to my face in an

he go?" I asked. "What gentleman? Any one traveling without a ticket?" The man spoke surlily, as if he suspected a bad joke. "No one got out here that I saw." The train moved on to the platform, and my fellow-traveler left me without another word. I watched him with curiosity. He made his way to a brougham that was in waiting. A lady looked eagerly out as he came up. She wore a thick crepe veil, but I caught a glint of tawny hair in the lamplight, and beside her I saw a dark sinister face that I had seen once before

at the Courenne d'Or. I sent my luggage to the cloakroom, and, once clear of the station, dodged across the street at its most crowded part, hopped into an omnibus just moving off, changed to another which took me to the opposite end of the town, where I looked up a medical student friend who put me up for

the night. Lefore the next day was over the papers were safe in the hands of General Lawrence, and my part in the story was ended. What use he made of them, whether he ever needed to use them at all, or how Sir Stretton's dying wishes were carried out, I have never heard. General Lawrence behaved very handsomely to me, promised me the jeweled dirk and gave me a piece of ad-

vice on his own account. "Forgive me for not attaching much importance to that incident of the railway journey. I don't think I'd mention it if were you. You had had an anxious time, you see-had been much concerned about the execution of your commission, had you not? Well, suppose-mind, I only say suppose-that your asthmatic friend had given you one of his medicated cigars by mistake, or that you had taken some extra allowance of stimulant?-quite pardonable under the circumstances. "You mean that I was either drunk or

dreaming, general? I'll swear I was neither one nor the other, and if I tell the story at all I shall tell the whole of it." We parted friends, and he sent me the jeweled dirk, after all.

-New York Tribune. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Self-Evident Fact. "How do you know that anonymous letter was written by a woman?" "It hasn't any date."

A Step Upward.

"I believe the Raffertons are getting into

Chicago Record.

society. "Why do you think so?" kerchief over his face, so as to leave both "They have stopped keeping geese." hands at liberty, and approached me again.

Useful in One Way. Philadelphia Bulletin. "Does your poetry pay?" "Well, it just keeps the wolf from the

"I suppose you read it to him." Enough Said.

He-Well, all love-at any rate, I love-the true, the beautiful and the good. She (blushing)-I-I thought you did. George, and I'm sure papa will consent.

Not Impossible. Hartford Post.

"Do you think that you could learn to love me, Maud?" "I don't know, George," she answered softly; "I might. I learned German once." No Doubt About It.

Twinkles. Lady Customer-Are you sure this is real

Ceylon tea? Well-informed Young Salesman-Certainly, madam. Mr. Ceylon's name is on every package. It Would Come Later.

Silas (to his fiancee)-How nice an' soft

an' pleasant your mother do speak to me, Melinda-Yes: ma don't holler till she's out uv th' woods, yew bet! Too Good to Lose.

Chicago Record. "Josephine won't take any medicine for her dreadful cough." "Why not?" "She doesn't want to get rid of it be-

cause she got it in Paris.' Another Abused Woman.

"Get up!" called Mr. Green to his wife one morning "Oh, paw?" came in grieved tones from beneath the covers: "I do wish you wouldn't talk to me as if I was a horse." A New Man.

Harper's Weekly. "Say, Mistah Johnsing, I's done turned ober a new leaf. "No! Den pay me dat haf-dollah you borrowed last yeah, "Sch-h-h! I hain't de same man I wuz."

A Touch of Jealousy. New York World. "A German astronomer says there are not figures enough to describe the distance

to the milky way. What's become of all our figures? "They've got them in Chicago ready for

their new population estimate.'

Summer Boarder-I hope you're not one of the cranks who vote to keep the city saloons closed on Sundays? Farmer-Nope. I judge from the city folks I see around here in summer that it's no use tryin' to keep 'em from drinkin'.

A Serious Matter. Puck.

The Sultan-I'd like to speak to you about the light of the harem. The Grand Vizier-Ah! the beautiful Fa-The Sultan-No-the light of the harem. Don't you think our gas bills are getting altogether too high?

Force of Diplomacy. Philadelphia Call. She had removed her hat temporarily, merely to adjust one of the ornaments. "What magnificent, silky hair she has," audibly observed the man in the rear. And she was so pleased that she held her hat in her lap until the fall of the final curtain. Such is the force of diplomacy.

Grandfather's Clock. New York Sun.

"One of the incidental features of New

England life that has amused me very

much is the exaggerated value that a possessor of a grandfather's clock always places on it, no matter how it happened to become his possession," said a man who has been making a study of New England farm life. "The man who started that craze, if there was any one man who was esponsible, could be convicted on cold evidence of making thousands of Colonel Sellerses out of otherwise contented, unambilous farmers. I found lots of old grandfather's clocks, none of them of any great value, and yet the owners had heard of exorbitant prices being paid for them, and each man held his clock at a value about five times that charged by the most expensive antique dealers. The clocks that were for sale cheap have all been bought up. Why, there are some farmers up there who believe that they could raise the mortgage from their farms by selling their old final juness, and the duration of the malady clocks. A paragraph stating that Baron Ferdinand Rothschild has an old grandfather's clock that originally cost £30,000 was a stronger man than I could have has gone the rounds of country papers. guessed and heavier than I. but I was and still further excited the farmers. younger and desperate. I felt that if he Every antique shop in the city is and unless the workmanship on the case ute. See here, sir; will you help a dying man to do a righteous act with no profit to yourself, and the chance of some danger?"

If it will not interfere with my duty to my employers, I will."

The only had him here this him and should a refere when he looked at me and saw accomplice?

The only had him here this him and should a refere when he looked at me and saw accomplice?

The other man—what was he doing? An accomplice?

The other man—what was he doing? An accomplice?

My foot slipped and I fell sideways on the seat, while my adversary wrenched his hand free.

The other man—what was he doing? An accomplice?

My foot slipped and I fell sideways on the seat, while my adversary wrenched his house. His son died in an adjoining town is unusually good, or the clock is historically good, or the clock is historically good or the clock is historically good or the clock is historically good, or the clock is historically good or the clock is historica

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Victory. The sky is darkly cast; The night hath wrapt the day; And Life hath laid her down

The messenger of Death.

Behind her walls of clay. Around the stillness broods, As softer grows each breath; The open gates receive

From slumber Life bestirs: The messenger withdraws-And night's prophetic calm Is rent with Death's hurrahs. A charge!-and widely made: A stroke!--and then a breath;

The doors are wide to Death. A citadel o'erthcown-And Death content must be;

The citadel is bare:

A heritage of love Is Life's eternity. Then death be unto Death!

Contracting! let him pay; Then life be unto Life. In Glory crowned to-day. -Orlando H. Myrick.

Tete-a-Tete. Sweetheart, if there should come a time. When in my careworn face The beauty of a vanished prime You strive in vain to trace; When faded tresses, gray and thin, Defy the binder's skill:

Sweetheart, betray no sign, By word nor look repine. Think of the grace that once was mine; Kiss me and be still. Sweetheart, if there should come a year When from my withered lips The loving word that new rings clear, In tuncless weakness slips: If I should sing with quavering voice

Some old song worse than ill,

Sweetheart, with kind deceit,

No mocking words repeat. Think of the voice that once was sweet; Kiss me and be still. Sweetheart, if there should come a day-I know not when nor how-When your love beams with lessening ray, That burns so brightly now;

When you can meet my faithful eyes, And fell no answering thrill; Sweetheart, let me not know-I could not bear the woe-Think of the dear, dead long ago;

Kiss me and be still. -Samuel Minturn Peck. As the Sun Went Down.

At night when the sun went down. One held a lock of thin gray hair And one held a lock of brown. One thought of his sweetheart back at home, Happy and young and gay.

Two soldiers lay on the battlefield

And one of his mother left alone, Feeble and old and gray. Each in the thought that a woman cared. Murmured a prayer to God, Lifting his gaze to the blue above.

There on the battle sod. Each in the joy of a woman's love Smiled through the pain of death,

Murmured the sound of a woman's name, Though with his parting breath. Pale grew the dying lips of each. Then, as the sun went down,

One kissed a lock of thin gray hair, And one kissed a lock of brown.
--Waldron W. Anderson. Failure.

When you are dead, when all you could not do Leave quiet the worn hands, the weary head, Asking not any service more of you, Requiting you with peace when you are dead: When, like a robe, you lay your body by, Unloosed at last-how worn, and soiled, and fraved! Is it not pleasant just to let it lie

Unused and be moth-eaten in the shade? Folding earth's silence round you like a shroud, Will you just know that what you have Thus to have slipt unfamous from the crowd: Thus having failed and failed, to be at rest?

O, having, not to know! Yet O, my Dear, Since to be quit of self is to be blest; To cheat the world, and leave no imprint here-Is this not best? -Laurence Housman.

Put to Sleep.

Back and forth in the rocker,

Lost in a reverie deep. The mother rocked while trying To sing the baby to sleep. The baby began a-crowing, For silent he couldn't keep, And after a while the haby Had crowed his mother to sleep

-Richard Kendall Munk:ttrick.

As I Grow Old. If need be, take my friends, my dole of wealth, Take faith, and love, and hope, take youth and But while I live, dear God, blight not the flower Of reason in my brain! Leave me the power To string together, on fine threads of gold,

My fairest thoughts, as I grow gray and old. -Carrie Blake Morgan.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. The costliest building of modern times is the State capitol of Albany, N. Y. Over \$20,000,000 has been expended on it. On a conservative estimate the apple crop of the United States this year amounts to two barrels for every man, woman and

The "Brasher \$16 gold piece," which was struck at Newburg, N. Y., in 1786, was the first upon which "E Pluribus Unum" ap-More eyes must be damaged or lost than people suppose, for 2,000,000 glass eyes are manufactured yearly in Germany and

Switzerland. During the Indian famine of 1879-80 the mint at Bombay received \$12,000,000 worth of gold and silver ornaments, sold by the na-

America was \$125,000, given by J. Malcolm Forbes, of Boston, for Leland Stanford's Arion, a trotter. The only living son of a revolutionary soldier in New Hampshire is Samuel S Green, of Portsmouth, who was eighty-four years old last week. The present birth rate alone would give

Chicago a population of 2,000,000 in 1900, and the average rate of influx is expected to make it 500,000 more. Probably the most extraordinary journal r the world is published weekly at Athens Its contents are written entirely in verse even to the advertisements.

It has been accidentally discovered that to bury a man up to his neck in wet sand is a practically certain cure for apparent death from an electric shock. The prosecuting attorney of Allegan, Mich., is advocating a bill ordering that the name of all purchasers of liquor at drug stores shall be published. Land has become very cheap in England.

A grain farm of 763 acres, in Essex, has been sold for \$31.400, although in 1872 it was valued at \$150,000 and mortgaged for The Armenians claim direct descent from Noah, as he settled in their country after the flood. Their country has been con-

quered successively by forty-two different The Hon. David Rankin has a farm of 3.200 acres in Atchison county, Missouri, Several hundred acres were planted in corn and a careful test showed that it yielded 101 bushels to the acre.

It is estimated that there are in existence three thousand different likenesses of Christ, all more or less worthy of mention. Of these 150 are by hands that have been rated as masters of art.

The New York State treasury for the fis-cal year ended Sept. 30, received \$3,500,000 as its share of the Raines law taxation, the tax on corporations yielded \$2,100,000, and the collateral inheritance tax \$1,900,000. Possibly the oldest woman in England is Sarah Thomas, who on Feb. 5 will be 109 years of age. Mrs. Thomas has smoked a clay pipe for sixty years, and bids fair to enjoy life and tobacco for some years to Not a mile of railroad track was laid last year in Nebraska, South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, New Mex-ico, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode

Testimony in a recent suit in a Paris court developed the fact that a fashionable undertaker's charge for embalming the body of an American is \$600. The charge for embalming Dom Pedro was \$1,000, and for the King of Hanover \$2,000. Among the wilder tribes of the Caucasus

every child is taught to use the dagger almost as soon as he can walk. The children first learn to stab water without making a splash, and by incessant practice acquire an extraordinary command over the Negro graves in South America are sometimes curiously garnished with the bottles

is easily guessed by the number of bottles Often these are the only things to mark There is an old gentleman in Harrison county, Georgia, who is eighty years o age and has never ridden on a railroad train nor taken a meal at any kind of public

of medicine used by the departed in their

A balloon was sent up from Berlin in 1895 equipped with self-registering thermom-

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Grand Opera House Block,

eters and barometers. It came down in Bosnia with the instruments in good condition. The barometer registered an elevation of 53,872 feet and the thermometer a temperature of 52 degrees below zero,

One who has made a study of dyspepsia claims that in a large number of cases the disturbance is due to the use of lard. He suggests the liberal use of beef tallow to the exclusion of all pork fat as a remedy. He says a person who is fond of "grease" can saturate his food in this with no resulting digestive disorder.

A recent issue of a London paper mentions the case of a pastor named Mathson, who has just died at the age of ninety, after serving sixty years continuously as Church of England minister at Patterdaye, Westmoreland. For many years his living brought him only \$60 a year, and the highest he ever got was \$90. P. C. Cudahy, the big Chicago pork

packer, will add an immense hennery to

his establishment. The hens will be fed on the refuse from the slaughter houses. Twelve hundred laying hens will be purchased to begin with, and it is calculated that an average of ten thousand hens will be raised yearly for the market. An extraordinary story of the credulity of Russian peasants comes from Slavyansk, Island and Connecticut, and only one mile in southern Russia, where a woman whose

little ten-year-old girl had sore eyes consulted with a witch doctor and was told to apply gunpowder to the child's eye and touch it off with a match. She obeyed, blinding the child and injuring herselt. Washington is not the first man that bore the title of "Father of His Country." The term originated with the Romans, when the Senate and the Forum offered it to Marius for his victories over the northern barbarians, B. C. 102. Marius, however, refused the title. Cicero subsequently accepted it when it was offered to him for uumasking Cataline's conspiracy.

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